THE wandring PRINCE and PRINCESS

Or, *Musidorus* and *Amadine*, both of Royal Progeny, who being unfortunately seperated by means of their Parents disagreeing; as fortunately met in a Desert, while they both resolved never to cease from searching, till they had found out each other.

In shady Deserts where was none
but Beasts to hear these Lovers moan,
There these faithful Lovers met,
Their Marriage day was quickly set.

Tune, Young Phaon.

WHen Musidorus fell in love
with Amadine most fair,
Her Father cross to him did prove,
which caus'd him to despair,
And for to ease his troubled mind
he wandred in disguise,
Hoping he might soon comfort find,
yet tears drop't from his eyes.

Alas (quoth he) what shall I do,
I am unfortunate;
And though my Love is firm and true
I meet with Rigid fate,
For she who is my hearts delight,
her Father is my foe.
Which causes me to take my flight,
now to the woods I go.

In woods and deserts i'le reside,
since my poor Amadine
Whom once I thought to make my bride,
she must not now be mine,
My fathers Court I quite forsake
never again to see,
For love my heart will surely break
my dear i'le dye for thee,

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Thus went this wandring Prince to seek
throughout the deserts wide,
So ne secret place where he might keep
and secretly abide,
At last he did a Shepherd turn
still minding of his flocks,
Which caus'd his Amadine to mourn
and tear her golden Locks,

Alas, alas this Princess cry'd
has he forsaken me,
Who I did think could ne'r abide
where I should absent be,
Some sudden change possest his brest
that makes him prove unkind,
Whilst Amadine can take no rest
to ease her love sick heart.

Thus Amadine whose troubled mind
was sorely fill'd with grief,
For want of Musidorus pin'd,
and could find no Relief;
Then she a Resolution took
what e're did her betide,
Her Prince so dear she would go look
throughout the world so wide.

And privately away she went,
to all her friends unknown,
To give her troubled mind content
she wandred all alone?
Until she came into a place
where Savage beasts alone
Were known in numbers to increase,
and thus she made her moan.

Ah! lapless wretch quoth she I am
of Lovers, yea, the worst,
While some delight to feel loves flame
I think my self accurst;
yet will I never rest till I
find out this Prince of mine,
Who strangely and so privately
forsook his Amadine.

A shower of tears then trickled down
from her bright shining eyes,
Whose beauty did the deserts crown,
whose sighs then fill'd the Skies;
And Musidorus being near,
had chance to hear her voice,
Though first he was possest with fear
at last he did rejoyce.

Certain it is quoth he the Tongue
of my poor Amadine,
To whom I have done too much wrong
which grieves this soul of mine;
To her sad heart I will give ease
since she is in distress,
For love is such a strange disease
no Tongue can well express.

To Amadine he then appear'd,
who startled was to see,
She was by any over heard
and in a sound fell she:
But her dear Prince with kisses sweet
brought her again to life,
That meeting was to them most sweet,
he made her soon his wife.

Printed for M. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.